And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
Wherein necessitie of matter beggerd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraigne
In eare and eare: O my deare *Gertrard*, this
Like to a Murdring-peece in many places
Giues me superfluous death. *A noise within.*

Enter a Messenger.

King. Attend, where are my Swissers, let them guard the doore,
What is the matter?

Messen. Saue your selfe my Lord.
The Ocean ouer-peering of his list,
Eates not the flats with more impetuous hast
Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head
Ore-beares your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquitie forgot, custome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of euery word,
They cry choose we, *Laertes* shall be King,
Caps, hands and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Quee. How cheerfully on the false traile they cry. *A noise within.*
O this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. VVhere is this King? sirs stand you all without.

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

All. VVe will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you keepe the doore, O thou vile King,
Giue me my father.

Quee. Calmely good *Laertes.*

Laer. That drop of blood that's calme proclaimes me Bastard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Euen here between the chast vnsmerched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause *Laertes*
That thy rebellion lookes so Giant-like?

Let

9 where is my 13 impatious 35 unsmirched

Let him goe *Ger*
Ther's such diuin
That treason can
A&'s little of his
Why thou art thu
Speake man.
Laer. Where
King. Dead.
Quee. But not
King, Let him
Laer. How ca
To hell allegianc
Conscience and g
I dare damnation
That both the wo
Let come what co
Most throughly f
King. Who sh
Laer. My will
And for my mean
They shall goe fa
King. Good *L*
Of your deare fath
That soop-stake, y
Winner and loose
Laer. None b
King. Will yo
Laer. To his g
And like the kind
Repast them with
King. Why no
Like a good child
That I am guiltles
And am most sensi
It shall as leuell to
As day does to yo

Laer. Let her
How now what n

3 can but p
36 dooes